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REFLECTION.

The smiling moon greets with her mellow light,
While rising in the east, the resting Eve;—
But in my soul there pours a tender grief,—
Recalling home.—Alas! those faces bright
E'en on this Night are hidden from my sight.
A crown of greetings, they themselves did weave
'T is all they send me in a little brief.—
Henceforth we meet no more on Christmas-night.

But ah! the lovely moon is rising high
And shining brightly, smiles from heav'n above:
Why should I only joy in earthly things descry,
And never rise unto a nobler love?—
These joys in Time's cold grasp while living, die;
In Heaven them once to see is bliss enough.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.



UNITED.

I.

THE sun is slowly sinking into the vast Mediterranean. It lingers longer than usually as if fearing some dark deed during the night. At last reassured, it glides away. An incoming breeze gently fans the heated brow; the twinkling stars gleefully emerge from their hiding-places. The bell from the Cathedral announces the Angelus; quiet spreads over the land. Presently the moon creeps over the Alpine hills.

In the spacious garden of the Prince of Naples, in a lovely bower lingers the youthful Princess Vanessa. Her beauty vies that of a goddess; her gracefulness, that of a gazelle. Surely, those languishing eyes must have seen fourteen summers! Her soft, dark hair falls in ringlets over her shoulders. The moonlight stealing through the tree-tops, shows the tears gushing from under her silken eye-lashes. What! so young, so lovely, and such grief! "Ah," she sobs, "my father has forbidden him to see me; he has even attempted his life. My God! Could I see him but once more, I—" "Vanessa! Vanessa!"—A lad rushes out of the shade: in the next moment he folds her to his heart. We will leave the lovers to their tender feelings, and study this daring intruder.

In age he cannot have completed his seventeenth year. The intelligent forehead, the fine countenance, the flashing eyes show the descendant of *blue* blood. He is the only son of Sir Ensor Doone, a wealthy English lord. His training at Oxford has not curbed his violent temper. Being attached to the "English Legation" at Naples, he met the Princess Vanessa a few months ago, and

both fell in passionate love. The sinister Prince, however, had destined his daughter to become the spouse of Duke of Gatacre. He had tried every means to sever these two lovers; but, as yet, they contrive to meet secretly.

"Oh, Wilde," Vanessa at length whispers, looking tenderly up into his face, "how could you dare, you know my father's hatred!" Her words are drowned by the Prince's voice nearby calling his squires. With terrible oaths he commands them to hunt down that accursed English lad, Doone, to murder him, and to cast his corpse into the Gulf. Vanessa shudders, she presses nearer to her lover. "Come flee with me, dearest," he whispers. "No, I cannot," she answers sadly, I must stay to fulfill my duty toward my father, though he persecutes me." They espy the cruel Prince walking towards them. "Go! go! dearest Wilde!" "I will remain," he answers smiling sadly, "I am prepared." He seizes a dagger from his bosom, and calmly awaits the Prince's coming. "Do not kill my father," Vanessa gasps, grasping the weapon and pointing it to her own heart. "Can I accept a lover whose hands are red with murder?" Wilde Doone hesitates, then flings it on the ground. "I will flee till happier times. Your image will forever linger in my heart." Snatching Vanessa's miniature hanging around her neck by golden bands, he hides it in his bosom. He gives her a sad farewell kiss. "You will not marry the Duke of Gartacre?" "Never, never—sooner die."

Wilde Doone has disappeared. Vanessa cautiously returns to the palace, and spends a sleepless night in weeping. The next day, entering the "Family Chamber," her eyes chance to fall on the "Daily News." "What! can she believe her eyes? Yes, there it reads in big letters:—"Mur-

der! Corpse of a young man found in the Gulf of Naples. Face so mutilated that it cannot be recognized. "Identified as Wilde Doone." "How! Wilde Doone murdered! Alas!" she cries, "my last—my only love."

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II.

The Civil War is at its height. General P. G. Banks with an army of 30,000 Federals comes thundering down the peaceful valley of the Shenandoah, sacking and burning property, and leaving the fertile dale barren and desolate. Day is waning rapidly when he encamps at Front Royal. It is the 23rd of December, 186—. The night passes undisturbed; but picture his surprise the next morning to find that the 'Southern Horse' under the able Stuart, and the most dreaded rebel scout "Le Diable" had moved up during the dark. They are drawn up on a gentle rise.

Scarcely has the dark-red orb reached the Alleghanies, when Banks orders the attack. All day the cannon belch forth their fiery wrath; all day the murderous lead plies the enemy; thousands of "Blues" and "Grays" march to their destruction.

It is while Stuart is making a splendid feint on the Union's left that he sends the most reckless and yet most cautious reb, Le Diable, around Bank's right to attack the rear. The gallant Union General is concentrating his forces on the imperiled left, when like a thunderstorm Le Diable's troopers descend on his rear.

Hastily commanding the left wing slowly to fall back to a protecting hill, facing a lonely chapel, he hurries to the rear. For a moment he gazes on the brigade sweeping down upon him. Ah! he recognizes that young proud officer at their head. There is that haughty brow; those flashing eyes;

that icy countenance, devoid of feeling! On, on comes that dashing cavalry, and—my God! with a wild yell they leap into the solid ranks. History closes its eyes on this bloody conflict; its ears on the terrible dying groans.

Certainly these are the bravest of human beings,—no, look at *Sister Inviolata* and many other *Sisters of Mercy*, walking so calmly in the midst of blood and carnage, amid bullet and shell, waiting on the wounded, bandaging their wounds, and preparing them for their last struggle.

The sun sinks beneath the western horizon; its last beam falls on the furious struggling mass. Darkness settling down, both commanders, as if by mutual agreement, withdraw for the night. Their camp-fires are within rifle range; their vigilant patrols, within hailing distance.

In his tent, by the flickering light of a candle, a confederate officer is seated on an empty cracker-box. Maps and plans lie before him in profusion; his eyes see them not. What is that paper, crumpled, and yellow with tears, lying before him? “*Splendid Marriage of Duke of Gatacre. Princess Vanessa will arrive at age in a few months. King Victor Emanuel will attend the ceremony in person.*”

A sob escapes his manly bosom; tears steal into his cold eyes. What! Are those features, so distorted in despair, those of the cold and heartless rebel? General Stuart enters unnoticed. “Le Diable! You, the man of stone, buried in tears?”—“General, a moment ago I was Wilde Doone,” then brushing the tears from his eyes, an icy expression settling on his face, “Now, I am Le Diable.”

“My dear colonel,” Stuart continues, “the Abolitionists have a great advantage over us in artillery. As you urged me on the field to-day, we must make a night attack. The night is dark

and the moon will not be up before eleven o'clock. Can you get your trusty 'slashers' mounted till then?" "I will try, General." Stuart turns to leave, then adds abruptly, "My friend, everything depends on secrecy—but, I know you."

The first peep of the moon sees the rebel cavalry at "Ready!" at "Mount!", it sees them dashing into the Federal lines. Sudden as the onset is, the blue soldiers lose nothing of their boasted valor and coolness. Hastily throwing cannon and caissons together to serve as barriers, they are effectually beating off the assailants. Seeing this Le Diable plunges in the very midst of the stubborn defenders, shouting, "Follow me!" He indeed changes the fortunes of the attack; but alas! separated from his faithful troops, he is immediately surrounded, and after fighting desperately, covering the ground with a corps of bleeding "Feds," he sinks beneath the Union swords.

The battle is waging furiously; yet the *Sisters of Mercy* are already on the field. Sister Inviolata is, as usual, the first to help the suffering soldiers. She is dressing a young Federal's wounds, when her eye is attracted by something glittering on the body of a corpse. She steps closer; it is a portraiture attached to golden bands. She lays her hand over his heart; yes, there is life yet. Suddenly the moon bursts through the clouds. "Heavens! Wilde Doone!" "A pr—i—est!" the wounded rebel murmurs faintly. For a moment she gazes sadly upon him; in the next she hastens for the priest living in the nearby chapel. The battle is raging before her, but she quails not. On she hurries—she staggers; a bright stream spurts from her bosom. Pressing her hands on the deadly wound, she struggles on. "O God! give me strength to bring *him* the last consolation!"

She raps at the chapel door. The kindly voice of the priest bids her enter. "No—be—be quick—a dying—soldier—wishes—your—assistance." After a few minute's delay the generous pastor is on the way. Sister Inviolata assumes to guide him to the dying officer; but with such eagerness that the priest can only keep up with the greatest exertion.

Arrived at the place, they find the ill-fated rebel weltering in his blood, a deathly pallor on his countenance. Hastily opening a flask of brandy with her blood-stained hands, she holds it to his nostrils. It seems to take immediate effect. His heavy eye-lashes open slowly; for a minute his gaze is fixed on the pale and deathly countenance of the Sister. His cold features relax into a deep tenderness, which but one word expresses—"Vanessa!"

"Do not waste words, Wilde Doone, your death as well as mine is approaching rapidly. The priest wishes to hear your confession." Le Diable having become extremely weak from loss of blood, Sister Inviolata supports his head on her blood-stained bosom. In deep contrition he discloses to the priest his past life and faults. The faltering voice of the priest pronounces the absolution. He then administers the "Holy Viaticum" to both of these world-weary wanderers.

Random shots still fill the midnight air. General Banks with his army is flying back to the protecting walls of Washington. The pale countenance of Le Diable is stamped with its last agony; that of Sister Inviolata is calm, breathing forth her pure and innocent soul. Suddenly the melodious peal of the village bells announces "Christmas Morn." The joyous strain, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis" floats through the air. Their souls have fled to their Maker.

A MIDNIGHT CONVERSION.

ONE Christmas eve a number of excited employees were eagerly drawing cards in a back room of a large wholesale house. A slight pause ensued, and the apparent leader turned to a youth and said, "The lot has fallen to you, George. Be at the club-room immediately after supper." George Price, the unhappy victim, was a bright young man. He completed his education at the age of sixteen, and was shortly after employed by a local wholesale firm. He had the misfortune to lose his father about this time, and consequently the support of a loving mother and only sister devolved upon him. George possessed those noble qualities which emanate only from Catholic raising, and which effected rapid promotions in his business career. But after some time he was induced to join several companions in secret society, the bad effects of which gradually became evident. He grew careless, and finally ceased to frequent the sacraments. His fond mother noticed his indifference, and the apprehension of her son's apostasy broke her heart. She often left the household duties to her faithful daughter, and sought comfort in silent communion with God in His sanctuary. There she entreated Him in behalf of her wayward son. Thus far her prayers remained unanswered, for on this Christmas eve we see George Price chosen by lot to become the robber of his own employer.

George dragged himself home, on this night, in a disturbed state of mind. He was unable to conceal his anxiety, but evaded his mother's inquiries as best he could. He hastily ate supper and was soon speeding towards the club rendez-

vous. The sharp December air spurred him on, and he quickly reached the heart of the city. All buildings were aglow with lights, and gaudy decorations could be seen in every window. The streets, robed in a thin white mantle, were thronged with smiling faces, tokens of a Merry Christmas. But George could not participate in the happy spirit which prevailed about him. He remembered how he enjoyed this same scene just a year ago; how he then walked arm in arm with his mother and sister through the same streets. What a Merry Christmas that was! He was thus musing when a sudden slap on the back startled him, and looking around, he saw one of his companions, who offered a few words of encouragement. He informed George that the club members would await his arrival at their room, and instructed him to proceed to that place after he completed his venturesome task.

Hours sped like minutes, and when the town clock broke the midnight stillness, George Price began his cowardly deed. He readily gained admittance to the building, and after a careful survey, proceeded cautiously to the safe. He was familiar with its combination, and soon the great iron door swung upon its hinges, and exposed the contents to George's gaze. He somewhat reluctantly seized the huge rolls, placed them in his small satchel, and was about to depart when he spied several parcels neatly stored in one corner of the safe. George curiously seized the nearest, and with the aid of a small dark lantern, read on the wrapper the words, "For Mrs. Price." He was dazed. "Is it possible?" He looked again and was convinced: "Yes, a Christmas present for mother, from the man I am about to ruin." George always maintained great love for his mother, and this kindness towards her peculiarly

affected him. With the stolen fortune still in his possession, he pondered. His true situation dawned upon him. Long neglected duties and numerous misdeeds loomed up before him. He saw his heart-broken mother and loving sister calling upon God in his behalf, and in spite of himself a tear dropped from his eyes. He was resolved, and must act instantly. He could not injure such a noble man, but replaced everything and left the building as quietly as he had entered. Large snow-flakes now filled the air, and beat against George's face. He proceeded but a short distance when he met his anxious companions. After a heated discussion and many threats, George, with seeming new courage, informed them that if he were molested, the whole city should learn of all the artful plans of their secrecy, and turning, left his astonished companions to their choice. As he plodded slowly towards home, the thought of his bold attempt made him shudder, and often as he plowed through deep snow drifts, he uttered a prayer of thanks to God.

On Christmas morning his good pastor pronounced the words of absolution over the repentant youth, and mother and children together thanked God for the conversion wrought through a Christmas gift.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

The time will come
For youthful joys to dwindle
Away like mists before the morning-sun;

The time will come
When sinful lusts enkindle
Thy growing heart until the time is gone.

X. J.

BE THOU MY LIFE.

'Twas Christmas eve, when far from home
On icy streets a waif did roam
From door to door with shivering tread,
In tattered clothes and naked head.

The North wind raged with mean delight,
And fanned his cheeks with cruel bite.
The glistening snow beneath his feet
In little shrieks his ear did meet.

But as he makes those saddening rounds,
Within the homes where wealth abounds,
Upon the sparkling Christmas tree,
The children's gifts, he chanced to see.

All now and then a stealthy glance
Into their midst he takes askance;
Again he halts in dumb surprise
While twinkling beams salute his eyes.

And now sweet songs and anthems clear
Assail with joy his listening ear,
As once he sang in similar ways
Those long-forgotten charming lays.

The pangs of hunger to assuage
And to escape mad Winter's rage,
A home where smiling comfort reigned
To enter straight he firmly feigned.

About he was to ope the door
Of those whose hearts with joy run o'er,
But fearing lest his sore dismay
Should mar their glee he shrinks away.

Then on he tripped with heart distressed,
 But soon a charm him faster pressed—
 Outside the town a gleaming light
 All suddenly did meet his sight.

“Brace up, my heart, we'll it pursue!”
 Spake he when first it met his view,
 “For 'tis no doubt a cheering star
 That beckons us from miles afar.”

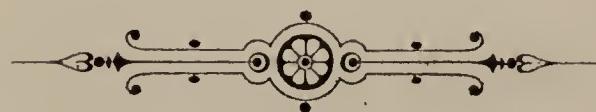
It was the light of Beth'lem's king
 That lent his steps a speedy wing;
 And to a church it him conveyed,
 Outside of which he knelt and prayed:—

“O heavenborn Babe so meek and mild,
 Be thou my life, celestial child!”
 And then his soul in rapture took
 As heavenward he cast his look.

The coming day ere point of dawn
 A shepherd passed beside the lawn.
 And lo! a figure pale in hue
 In praying posture met his view.

While nearing it with sorrow deep,
 He sees a child in smiling sleep;
 For now it dwelt among the blest,
 To share with them the heavenly rest.

N. R.



FORGIVEN.

AT the base of the northern slope of those snow-capped mountains known as the Pyrenees which serve as a boundary between the two countries, France and Spain, nestles the quiet, little village of St. Palais. It is not what we may call a flourishing place, as its inhabitants are chiefly composed of shepherds and wood-choppers from the neighboring forest which skirts the village on the north, and in consequence they are too true lovers of liberty and haters of luxury to permit modern inventions and improvements to make their way into their homes, thereby destroying their simple, honest way of earning their daily bread. Not only do they scorn improvements, but they are the implacable enemies of the wealthy, whom they banish with violent threats from their community, and more than one family has been compelled to vacate their vicinity for fear of losing their lives.

On the other side of the forest separating it from the village there lived two brothers, Louis and Philip. Their loving parents, alas! were both dead. Their mother, a pious, gentle woman, had died on the very day our Redeemer was born, when they were yet quite young. Their father, a noble chevalier, descended through a long line of ancestors from one of the most influential families of the Bourbon house, had also died shortly after their expulsion from the village, of an accident while in the chase. The two orphans for want of a better occupation, and being also of an artistic bent of mind, took to sketching and painting, with which the wild mountain scenery afforded them ample material to engage their youthful thoughts.

They each possessed a beautiful image of their loving mother in her maidenhood, which ever acted as a sort of talisman for them in all their troubles and sorrows.

One lovely December morning when everything around them was glorious and magnificent; the golden rays of the rising sun, kissing the snow-capped tops of the mountains which glistered like immense jewels in the sky, the two boys agreed to go out sketching in this beautiful scenery of nature. So each taking his crayon and tablet along with him, started out with joyous spirits. Not far from their habitation, but separated from it by an immense mound of earth and rocks, there was a grassy hillock, which, like another 'Sleepy Hollow,' was one of the quietest places in the world; and to this they now directed their steps. Having arrived there, they spread out their materials and set to work. Philip, however, was too enchanted with the scene which gave him a sort of indolent feeling, so after making a few careless strokes upon his paper, he stretched himself out upon the grass, and began leisurely to study the beauties of nature that surrounded him.

"Louis! Louis!" he suddenly exclaimed. "What is that;" at the same time pointing across the mound at a dark stream of smoke, ascending high into the heavens. "Our house is on fire!" cried Louis, and with a bound they simultaneously ran for the scene. They soon gained the hill, and as they rounded the mound, their worst fears were realized; the house was indeed burning and as they gazed spellbound by the sight, it presently fell together with a great crash. The two brothers, after a painful silence, in which fear and despair were uppermost in their minds, burst into a flood of tears, realizing for the first time that they were

without home or protection. For many hours did they thus bemoan their sad lot, when the fast falling shades of night reminded them of their situation. They at length resolved to cross the forest and cast themselves upon the mercy of the villagers. Having arrived at the juncture of the two roads leading through the forest, a new difficulty presented itself. Louis, piously inclined as he was, wished to take the road to the right, since there was at the other extremity a little chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where he desired to pour forth his sorrows to the "Comforter of the Afflicted." Philip, however, insisted on taking the other, saying that it was shorter, and that they would arrive sooner at the village. Without further parleying, he immediately entered the forest with long strides, and was soon lost in its gloomy depth. Louis having breathed a short prayer to heaven, pursued his way full of fear and anxiety for his brother's safety. He had not proceeded more than a hundred paces along his way, when a piercing cry of "Help! Help!" rent the air. With a bound Louis plunged into the thicket at right angles from his path, and being further directed by another agonized shriek, soon came upon the lifeless body of his brother, lying in the middle of the road, weltering in the blood which flowed from his side. With another short prayer, Louis fell on his knees beside his brother, and tearing the handkerchief from around his neck, pressed it firmly over the gaping wound, which partially staunched the flow of blood. Louis' resolution was at once made up. He would carry as best he could, the body to the chapel by the road-side, and there await the will of God. So with more courage than strength, he carefully took up the body, and began to pick his way through the bushes and over the fallen logs which lay in his path. He soon arrived at the

chapel, which fortunately was at no great distance, and there deposited his burden upon the bed of dry leaves which served as a floor for this humble place of worship. Overwhelmed with grief, Louis threw himself upon his knees, and with all the fervor of his soul, begged God to spare the life of his only brother. Overcome, however, with sorrow and fatigue, he soon fell into a troubled sleep.

Early next morning he was awakened by a hand laid gently on his shoulder, and looking up, recognized Pierrot, a peasant, who had often helped them in their trials and difficulties. Motioning to him not to disturb his brother, Louis drew him aside, and there related his sad story. The honest peasant's indignation was fairly aroused at the recital of all their wrongs and sufferings, and vowed vengeance upon the malefactors. They decided to place Philip on the wagon in which the peasant was hauling his merchandize to the village, and to convey him to the hospital, where he could be properly attended. On the way Pierrot related how he that same night, while passing through the forest, had encountered a highwayman who was prepared to dispute his passage. Quick as thought he had whipped out his ready pistol, and lodged a bullet safe in the brigand's breast. Then whipping up his oxen, lest other robbers might be attracted by the report of the shot, he arrived safe and sound at the chapel, where he thanked God for his deliverance, and at the same time recognized Louis and his brother. A short drive brought them to the hospital, where Philip was entrusted to the care of the good Sisters of Charity, being also constantly attended by Louis.

Philip, notwithstanding the care he received, languished for many days between life and death, until the crisis came. Shortly after his arrival there, a man was brought in by some peasants,

who had found him lying in the middle of the road in the forest with a bullet-wound in his breast. As soon as Philip saw him, he at once recognized his assailant of the forest. "Take him away! the villain! the murderer!" he cried furiously, at the same time violently attempting to rise and throw himself upon him, which re-opened his wound, causing him to fall back exhausted upon his pillows. The physician was hastily called, but after seeing the sad condition of Philip, pronounced his case hopeless. Being informed of his approaching end, Philip, however, did not relent, but continued inflexible in his denunciations of the murderer. The tears and prayers of Louis could not in the least persuade him to be reconciled with the robber. As a last hope the good Sisters began a novena to the Infant Babe of Bethlehem for his conversion. Meanwhile an operation had been performed upon the robber, and an incision made into his breast for the purpose of extracting the bullet, but it proved unsuccessful, and the physician also gave him up. The dying robber, seeing that his time for repentance was short, confessed that he had burned the dwelling, that he had been their constant persecutor, until he was laid low by Pierrot's bullet; but now, being truly penitent, he begged with many tears to be reconciled with Philip. Philip, however, still remained obstinate, and refused to listen to his request.

The last day of the novena had arrived. It was Christmas day. Philip had again relapsed, and Louis and the Sisters surrounding his bed, again earnestly besought him with tears in their eyes to forgive his offender, if he expected forgiveness from his Creator. Being told how Jesus dying on the Cross, had also forgiven his very murderers, and being actuated by divine interior grace, he grasped a crucifix presented to him,

kissed it, and with his dying breath, forgave his murderer, who shortly afterwards also expired.

Like the triumphant sound of a thousand trumpets rang forth through all the heavenly courts, the glad cry; "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good and *forgiving* will."

F. DIDIER, '04.

WILL YOU HEED HIS CALL?

The darkest night o'erhung the world,
The raging tempest roar'd
And snowflakes swiftly downward hurled
Where came creation's Lord,
Who chose to leave His throne above
And wished in His unbounded love
To save us one and all.

In sorrow through the village street
The holy Fam'ly strode
For Him, Creation's King, to seek
A warm and fit abode;
But naught they found to shelter them
In all the town of Bethlehem
Save one deserted stall.

And this same Infant Jesus roams
Each year on Christmas night
To visit poor and lonely homes
And bring sweet calm delight;
But will you keep Him in the cold
As did the wicked Jews of old,
Or, will you heed His call?

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.

MONSIEUR CARTIER.

IT is Christmas eve in the year 1874. The earth is wrapped in a mantel of snow and ice. Calmness and peace pervade the little city of E....in Switzerland. In its streets we notice only few folks returning home loaded with presents for their dear ones. Not far from the city on the slope of the mountains we perceive a beautiful villa surrounded by gardens. Though the same calmness seems to prevail in it, we shall learn to some extent the contrary if we take a peep into this stately mansion.

Monsieur Cartier, the lord of the villa is pacing up and down in his private apartment. The melancholy expression of his countenance reveals his uneasiness. But an hour ago his little daughters, Rosa and Charlotte, petitioned him to accompany them to midnight-mass, for then they should appear the first time in the choir of St. Martin's Church.

Strange to say, Monsieur Cartier can not find repose this evening. The picture of his petitioning children, but especially the days of his happy boyhood, pass before his mind. Oh! how happy he was then, a lover and friend of the Bl. Virgin and of her Divine Babe. Then Christmas was for him a day of felicity.

But death had robbed him of his beloved wife, and as he was unable to bear this heavy blow, he also lost his faith. The remorse of his conscience torments him, the tempest within his heart tosses him to and fro. Now he stares through the window. What does he behold? The red, beaming, and beautifully stained windows of St. Martin's. Hitherto he had often accompanied his dear mother on

Christmas eves when the merry bells pealed forth their joyful Christmas-greetings. There he often knelt at the side of his dear mother, adoring the Divine Babe whom he then loved so fervently. With thoughts as these, his heart began to swell; a tear rolled down his cheek, and then another. Presently he goes to his writing-desk and fetches forth a treasure most dear to him. It is the prayer-book of his departed mother which he had stored away for many years.

Now he dresses himself quickly, then goes to the maid-servant to inform her of his departure. Moreover, he gives her orders to tell Rosa and Charlotte that he would meet them after midnight-mass; they should not be anxious about him.

It is shortly before mass, that, to the astonishment of all, we see Monsieur Cartier stepping out of the confessional and also the venerable old parish-priest, who now goes to the sacristy. Shortly after he comes forth in vestments as pure and white as lilies, and embroidered in gold. Solemnly he steps to the high altar, which is adorned with a bank of fragrant flowers and with innumerable glittering candles. This solemn appearance, the sweet and melodious strains of the organ, and the lovely chant of little boys and girls, made a deep impression upon the people and contributed much to their devotion. But as the choir chanted, "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus," that jubilant chant which the heavenly choir sang above Bethlehem's plains, then it was that Monsieur Cartier shed tears of joy; then peace reigned within his heart. Burying his face in his hands he was carried away in meditation on the Divine Babe, until the sound of the bell at the "Domine non sum dignus" broke off his strain of thoughts. Once more he made an act of love, then approached the heavenly banquet with most fervent devo-

tion and received the Divine Infant at the hands of the priest. Filled with peace and love, he returned to his pew. Immediately after Holy Communion Rosa and Charlotte chanted a most beautiful duet in honor of the Divine Child Jesus who was now greeting a "Joyful Christmas" to the faithful parishioners, that had prepared for Him an abode in their hearts. Monsieur Cartier was profoundly touched by the soothing carol of his children, and shed tears of emotion. He thanked the Divine Infant for the grace of his conversion, and could not find words enough to praise the Almighty for His goodness.

After mass Rosa and Charlotte came up to Monsieur Cartier and told him that the dear Christ-child had heard their prayers. "Oh dear papa," said both, "right after we had asked you to accompany us to midnight mass, we went to the statue of the Blessed Virgin in our bed-room, and prayed most heartily for your conversion. For it was the last day of our novena to the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Babe. We promised, that if they would comply with our wish, we would then erect a chapel in their honor on the fittest spot in our garden."

Monsieur Cartier embraced his children, covering their faces with tears and kisses. "Now I understand all," said he in a low tone. "Come let us return, I have much to tell you at home."

EGON J. FLAIG, '03



NOEL!

I see a host unnumbered fly
 Of angels from the star-lit sky
 Upon the earth in robes all purely white,
 With golden-feathered wings profused with light.

Noel! Noel!
 O holy night and blest!
 Noel! Noel!
 O night, of nights the best!

At Bethlehem within a stall
 There lies the Lord who ruleth all.
 Fall on your knees, ye men, this glorious morn!
 Pay homage to the world's Redeemer born!

Noel! Noel!
 O Pre-ordained night!
 Noel! Noel!
 Filled with celestial light!

For sinners dawned the day of grace
 Let me on my Redeemer gaze,
 Who for our ransom left the Father's throne
 Exchanged eternal bliss for earthly gloom.

Noel! Noel!
 Heav'n and the earth combine!
 Noel! Noel!
 My Saviour, Babe divine!

Thou cam'st to us on Christmas-night,
 O helpless Babe! God full of might!
 How shall we celebrate this festive day?
 In awe and gratitude we homage pay.

Noel! Noel!
 Praise to our God Most High!
 Noel! Noel!
 On God's Nativity!

We come to Thee on Christmas-day,
 O dearest Lord, what shall we say
 On seeing Thee so poor and helpless here?
 O take our hearts, they're Thine, O Jesus dear!

Noel! Noel!
 Let never us depart!
 Noel! Noel!
 Great joy pervades our heart!

REWARD OF A DARING FEAT.

IT was Christmas eve, and Charles Wilson returning home from work, was musing about the morrow. He had received his pay and now was the proud possessor of a neat sum. "I will stop at the Corners and purchase a turkey and a few other things for to-morrow's dinner. Poor mother, it will enliven her spirits. She has never been the same since she visited that sick child during the rain. Since then she has had that terrible cough which the doctors think will develop into consumption. But, she seems happy in spite of her sufferings. I believe she —." Dong! dong! dong! and with a roaring and rumbling the fire-engine whirls around the corner. Charles is roused from his musings and follows the bounding horses as fast as he can.

The Great Eastern hotel was burning. The entire rear part was in flames and walls were falling with loud crashes. It was thought that all the inmates were safe; but the cry, "O my daughter," from a man who had just arrived, and at once fell into a swoon, proved the contrary. The chief looked around, but there was no one who seemed inclined to attempt the rescue. It was a perilous undertaking, but in a moment Charles was on the spot. He motions the firemen away and in a few minutes is at the top of the ladder. In an instant he is through the window.

Soon he re-appears with the limp form of a girl on his arm. The spectators loudly cheer and encourage him. It is a hard task, but he reaches the ladder and begins his descent. He stops a moment and it is feared he will fall. Every muscle is strained as he proceeds. He has not passed

many rounds when the flames shoot out over his head; the wall, which supported the ladder, falls inward with a thundering crash. The ladder, with Charles clinging to the top rounds, was held by strong arms, and kept from lurching into the seething mass of debris. Though held with steel-like muscles the ladder sways to and fro threatening to precipitate its human freight, dangling in mid-air, to the pavement below. No sound breaks upon the ear except that of the burning ruins. Slowly but surely Charles descends. Now he is only a few feet from the ground, but his grasp relaxes. He falls, but open arms save both rescuer and rescued. As they were being carried away Mr. Manning regained consciousness and the daring feat was related to him. That same night he visited Charles at the hospital.

Two happier persons never sat to a Christmas dinner than to that one which Mr. Manning had provided for Charles and his mother. In the afternoon they were visited by Mr. Manning, who made arrangements for the removal of Charles and his mother to G., where he lived. Charles was to take up a position in the Manning Bank, and, being only seventeen years old, a bright future was before him. His frankness and willingness won for him the confidence of everyone. However, he was not long in his new position when the most trying time of his life began. His mother never fully recovered from her ailment, and of late her condition became alarming. The efforts of the doctor were in vain, and she died on the eve of the Assumption, fortified with the last sacraments.

The grief of Charles was unbounded and it seemed that he would not be consoled. After his mother's death he lived at the Manning residence. Agnes Manning was the only one who could console him and bring him back to his former self.

Mr. Manning granted him a few weeks vacation, and most of his time was spent in the company of Agnes. During the ensuing years the friendship of Agnes and Charles had grown and blossomed into love, and Agnes consented to take his name. This was four years after the burning of the Great Eastern, and Charles looks back upon that night as the most fortunate time of his life.

ALBERT A. MCGILL. '04.

LOOK HEAVENWARD.

My weary head droops under bitter care,
Deep sorrow fills my heart and rank despair.
My eyes are moist: I cannot be consoled—
A pain consumes me, that cannot be told.

But look heavenward!

My soul,
O look heavenward!

Thy goal
Is not so far away.
That blissful home,
Where angels wait on thee,
Where shines eternal day,
Where saints through verdant meadows roam,

And sing a gladsome lay.

Hope, then, my soul,
But short is earthly pain!
Hope, and all the world disdain,
For Eden's price!



A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

IN the suburbs of the great city of Chicago lived a poor family, who managed by hard labor to earn sufficient money to buy their daily bread. Paul Peters, the father of the family, was paralyzed in his legs, which kept him from doing much work. His chief occupation was carving images out of wood. The father was therefore unable to do much work, and the support of the family devolved upon the mother. She sustained the family, consisting of two children, Alice and Harry, by washing and needle-work. Alice never failed to aid her mother in all the duties about the house. Harry, though younger, endeavored to assist them whenever it was within his power. Alice was sent every week to town with the work of the parents, where she sold it for a considerable price. The family always seemed to be in a very happy mood, and were contented with everything.

On one occasion, as Alice was leaving the house on her usual trip to town, Harry suddenly cried out, "Mamma let me go too." At first the mother refused, but after Alice promised to take good care of him, she consented. After their arrival at the place where Alice was to sell the goods, she told Harry to wait at the corner until she returned. Harry busied himself walking around and looking at the beautiful things in the show-windows, when all at once he spied an organ-grinder on the opposite side of the street. Then he said to himself, "I will go and watch him play and be back in time to meet sister." Off he was following the organ-grinder. In this manner he continued for half an hour, without thinking that his sister was anxiously waiting for him. The sun had set in the

western horizon when the organ-grinder tired of his day's toil repaired to his humble home for rest.

Now the thoughts of his sister and home came to Harry's mind. He immediately set out in the direction he thought his sister was, but, in vain, could he find her. The sister waited patiently at the place designated by her to meet Harry. At last thinking he might have grown tired of waiting and went home, she set out in that direction. On arriving at home she was surprised to hear that Harry was not there. The parents at once rebuked her for being so negligent. They were all very much grieved over the loss of Harry, and waited until late at night, expecting Harry to return. But days, weeks, months passed without hearing the least news of him.

While Harry was wandering through the busy streets crying, a well-dressed man stepped up and asked: "Why are you crying, my boy?" Harry told him that he had lost his way home. The man without asking further questions took Harry by the arm and led him to a fine hotel, where he asked Harry his name and where he lived. For weeks did this rich man try to find the boy's parents, but in vain. At last he concluded to take the boy with him, since he had only one child, a daughter who would be just the playmate for Harry. Harry was surprised one morning to find himself on a fast train bound for New York City. On the way he amused himself by looking at the beautiful scenes which he had never beheld before. At length, they arrived at New York City, where they took the steamer for Germany. After a tiresome ride of six days they arrived at the home of the rich man. How delighted his wife and daughter were to see him again. But above all when Mr. Shwartz, the husband, introduced Harry and at the same time telling them how he had

found the boy. Harry was well-pleased with his new home and showed himself in after life grateful to his benefactor. A few weeks later Harry was sent to a business college. He was very diligent in his studies and in this manner soon rose in the estimation of the banker. Three years had passed when Harry graduated; then Mr. Schwartz, who owned one of the largest banks of Germany decided to give Harry the highest position in it.

We will now return to Harry's parents. During the three years many misfortunes had befallen the little family. The father died two years after Harry's departure; this left the poor mother and child alone in this wide world. But they managed by washing and needle-work to make a sufficient sum to keep them from starving. Often did they pray that, if Harry was still living, he might return to them.

Harry had now attained his eighteenth year when Mr. Schwartz, who often could not help admiring Harry's talent and beautiful features, took him as a partner in the bank. Mary, the banker's daughter, took more interest in the welfare of Harry than her father. One day while Mr. Schwartz was busy working at his desk in the bank, he suddenly became ill and had to be taken home. Three days he lingered between life and death; at last, he revived, but only long enough to make his last will. Oh! how touching must have been this scene when he took Harry by the hand and said, "Upon you, my adopted son, do I place a duty which is, that after I am gone you will take care of my wife and child. Furthermore, you shall be the heir to my entire estate." He lingered until early next morning, when he calmly expired. After the burial, Harry at once set to work with a zealous determination to arrange the financial affairs of the banker.

Mrs. Schwartz and also Mary requested him to sell the shares in the bank, since they had sufficient money on which to live. Harry after considering the matter for a long time at length consented. Two years had passed since the death of the banker, when it was announced that Harry and Mary were to be united in bonds of matrimony. A few weeks had hardly elapsed after the announcement, when these two lovers approached the altar of God and there were united forever. After the wedding Harry decided to go to America. Of course, it took many months before Mrs. Schwartz consented to leave her old home. A month after their departure from Germany, they arrived in the city of Chicago. There Harry set to work and by his untiring efforts established a flourishing bank. He also secured for his loving wife one of the most beautiful residences in the city.

One day a girl, about twenty three years old, asked for work at the house of this rich banker. At first she was refused by Harry, but his beloved wife insisting upon him to give the poor girl work, consented. Christmas was approaching rapidly and Harry began to recall his boyhood days, when he received gifts from rich people. Mary seemed very much pleased with the servants of the house, but there was one among them in whom she took great interest, and this was no other than the poor girl to whom Harry had at first refused to give work.

On one occasion Mary asked Harry if he would not be willing, since Christmas was near at hand, to give this girl a present for herself and her parents. Harry consented to the proposition of his wife. Then she called the girl and asked her what her name was. She immediately answered, "Alice Peters." Harry on hearing the name, sprang forward and said with emotion: "O Alice, my sis-

ter!'' The next moment they embraced each other and wept for joy. Recovering from his surprise Harry immediately questioned her about his dear parents. Alice told him that his father was dead, but his mother was still living. Harry then gave Alice money to buy clothes and other necessary things. He told her to prepare herself and their mother, for on the night of Dec. 24th he would send a carriage to convey them to his house.

The sister left with a happy heart that night and did as she was bidden, to say no word about Harry to her mother. In the meantime Harry had everything prepared for this great event. At last the time came; a carriage stopped in front of Peter's residence. Previous to this the mother had often asked what all this meant, but her daughter, not forgetting her promise, told her that a very rich man wished to see her. She then stepped into the carriage followed by her daughter. On the way little was said.

After their arrival at the house, they were ushered to a large hall into which Harry rushed. Ah, what an affecting scene this must have been. Mother and son after ten year's separation were again united. Indeed this was a joyful Christmas unlike any Harry had ever experienced before. In after years the mother and sister lived in the same palatial mansion with Harry and his beloved wife.

JOS. A. BRAUN. '04.



A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IT was Christmas; the early mass was over; people were quietly leaving the church, outside of which the merry greetings of the parishioners could be clearly heard. A few souls lingered in the church to visit the crib which had been erected in commemoration of the Nativity. Among these tarrying few was a lady with her only son, who seemed to be about six or seven years of age. They ascended the steps leading to the crib, the mother kneeled and the boy piously followed her example. What can be the desire of this mother? Nothing for herself; she only begs the Christ-child to preserve the innocence of her son and lead him unspotted through the wicked alleys and enticing avenues of this world. Above all she prayed for his happy death. Was a mother's prayer heard?

* * *

Fifty years have shown their craft upon the visage of time. Customs have changed. Laws have been enacted; the Church has experienced troublesome times. No longer do the merry bells peal forth the happy tidings that are contained in the ritual of the midnight-mass. Another and more stately building has been substituted for the former house of worship. All is enveloped in a misty darkness. Outside the wind howls and wafts the fast falling snow-flakes high upon the angels of the stately steeple. Inside the church the flickerings of the sanctuary-lamp are reflected by the stained glass windows and frescoed walls to all parts. Our eyes are directed to the beautifully decorated crib with its ever-burning votive lamp. Before it kneels the silent priest

who keeps a pious watch for the coming of the Blessed One. In the appalling shades of darkness the evil one is carefully wooing the designing powers of some vile destroyers of virtue.

Four men are discovered outside the door. With cat-like tread they enter. The leader pauses for a moment at the sight of the form before the crib, but not long; he covers his lantern with the lap of his coat, draws his weapon and beckons the others to follow. The priest turns and perceives them; he utters a short prayer, for their intention is not unknown to him; then moves quickly toward the tabernacle; but hardly has he reached it before they cover him with their poniards. "Do you dare to rob the house of God? Not until you have pierced this body," said the brave man. "God? yes gold is our god, and that is here."—The leader's weapon flashed, and the loud sound of a falling body echoed through the great vaulted structure. The robbers terrified at their own deed, fled from the scene without their intended booty. The Sacred Body of our Lord was saved from disgrace, and a mother's prayer was heard.

IGNATIUS A. WAGNER, '04.

KINDNESS.

As the first snow covers the fruitful earth
That waits for the Spring-sun to hasten her birth:

So often a talent of eminent worth
Lies hid in a scholar and waits to come forth,
Till called by the sunshine of kindness and love,
With dew of encouraging words from above.

The seedling will grow to a powerful tree—
The birds in its branches are warbling in glee;
Its apples are smiling in purple and gold.
"All this did kindness!" My story is told.

X. J.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The golden beams of a December sun broke powerless on a desert of ice and snow. Winter reigned in quiet, yet cruel despotism. Although it was midday, the cold bordered on the im bearable. At this hour, a person warmly wrapped in a fur cloak, entered the door of an humble cottage that lay in the suburbs of a city. He handed a letter to a venerable old man, and withdrew almost immediately. The aged father unfolded the paper, and, holding it in his trembling right, he read: "Be herewith informed that, unless every farthing of your rent is paid, you must evacuate the building by to-morrow evening.—Mr. Waverling." A shudder and a pallor ran over the terrified members of the family. Their tongues were crushed to silence by the unexpected shock. "Henry," finally quivered the old man's voice, "go to Mr. Waverling, beg, nay, implore him to postpone this fearful exile. Perhaps he will relent and grant a few days for preparation." "By Heaven and Hell!" cried the exasperated youth, "are men incarnate devils that expel a poor family on Christmas-day!" "And is it meet" responded the father in a tone of absolute disapprobation, "is it meet to degrade this hallowed eve by such an outburst of passion? Christ, too, was denied a dwelling-place. Would you be more than He? Go and be peaceful and suffer the usual affront of Mr. Waverling." A tear of repentance glistened in Henry's eyes; flinging a surtout about his person, he departed.

Induced by the intense cold no less than the length of his journey Henry advanced with a lively pace. He passed over the draw-bridge of a river that branched across his path and soon arrived in

sight of Mr. Waverling's dwelling. At the crisis two men, issuing forth from the forest, strolled leisurely before him. Henry was unnoticed by them, but could understand their conversation distinctly. "That niggard miser," said one, "must be constantly fed on flattery, or the whip dances forever on your back." "Only simple minds crave for flattery, Fredrick," responded the other; "hence, do not rack your brain on account of that simpleton. The bird in the thornbush does not attempt to fly before he has descried an opening through which he may swing himself with safety. Fevered, restless thoughts inevitably burst forth at an importune time. Hence be patient in watching the moment of revenge. Be quiet even inwardly, for actions always betray the agitations of the soul." "Ah! Werner your words are sweet as honey; you are a prodigy of learning. Why has fortune made you the servant of such a fop!" Learning most often bend its knee before stupidity. Yet, do not flatter me, Frederick, I detest it. Besides, I do not deserve your praise, learning and a golden mouth are sometimes the cover of a corrupt heart." "Do you mean to intimate that your heart is perverted?" "Sir, to speak candidly, I do not care to be honest." "Not to your master either?" "No." Well, how then would *you* proceed in my position?" "Sir, if the tiger is too fierce to be assaulted, kill the cub." On a narrow path, Henry advanced in a different direction and heard no more. He pondered over the strange conversation, when suddenly the loud laugh of Fredrick disturbed the prevailing stillness: "Ha, ha, ha, but how that fellow will tumble!" Henry proceeded quietly and beheld himself in the precincts of Mr. Waverling's dwelling.

The master of the house—a long, emaciated, figure—was already waiting in the door and Henry had scarcely approached within speaking distance when the old sire accosted him, “Are you bringing the required money?” “Dear sir,” said Henry, “I have traveled this long journey to beg you, allow us the peaceful possession of the little cottage for a few days longer. Surely, cold-blooded cruelty herself can force such a bitter apple of sorrow into the mouth of Poverty on Christmas-day.” “Do you bring the money?” “Good lord, my parents are poor, I beg—” “Sir, have you the money?” “No, but I implore,—” “Imploring is useless; the money—or quit the cottage.” “Ha!” cried Henry, “Avarice, thou cruel oppressor of the poor!” “What! such insults! quit these premises instantly!” A momentary flash of anger quivered in the young man’s eyes; then he said clamly: “Remember sir, God’s justice avenges the wrongs of the poor.” As the slumbering coal enkindles in a sudden gust of wind, thus Mr. Waverling’s anger bursted forth, when Henry had scarcely pronounced the sentence. In a delirium of rage he exclaimed: “Servants, remove this insolent man! In our very home his insulting tongue speaks unrestrained.” Henry observed the immediate stir that these words produced among the servants. He fled therefore, but soon perceiving that the men desisted from the pursuit, he halted in a near grove. even at that distance the irritating words of the enraged lord were wafted on his ear. “That fellow shall rue his taunting speech!” cried Mr. Waverling. “Where is my son, Maximilian?” “Enjoying a sleighride,” responded a voice that was familiar to Henry; yet his memory could not recall the person. “Then you can do the errand as well,” said Waverling. A few minutes later Fredrick bounded past on a

gallant steed. "Ah! That is the person," murmured Henry.

The brilliant sun was now slowly receding on her course. The whole west appeared as one blazing sheet of gold. The dusky clouds were flushed with a purple hue and seemingly fringed with darting flames. Henry involuntarily stood still and sighed: "Ah! When to-morrow thou risest again, dearest sun, a happy world will greet thy blessed countenance; but for me and for my kind parents thou wilt usher in the most sorrowful day of our lives." The golden sunbeams played in his innocent face; his eyes were diffused with tears that glistened as so many crystal diamonds. And lo! far, far, in the distance, the bells of St. Martin's, Henry's parish-church, proclaimed in solemn tones the approaching festive-day. The youth's heart throbbed with emotion. "Jesus," he murmured, "surely you still remember the poor." The solemn toll of St. Martin's poured an ineffable sweetness into Henry's young heart; with his eyes turned heavenward, he continued long in this motionless attitude. When he finally resumed his journey, however, the taunting insults of Mr. Waverling flashed upon his mind. That simple remembrance was the signal for battle between the conflicting emotions of his vigorous soul. Anger was almost the victor in the strife, when the singing bells reminded Henry of Bethlehem's Babe, and the words of his father: "Would you be more than he?" Such thoughts were sufficient to allay his passion and induce him to pardon all.

For a distance of nearly half a mile before him Henry beheld a perfectly straight road; at that juncture, however, it wound almost at right angles across a meadow that indented the forest. Between the arms of that angle lay a thicket, whose branches were so densely matted together that

one could discern little within, and indeed nothing of what happened on that arm of the road which branched across the meadow. On the vertex of this angle bordered a stream, so that at that place the road was closely hemmed in between the river and the woods. Here Henry despaired a white flag streaming in the air. At the same moment the jingling of bells rang on his ear and a stately pair of steeds hitched to a still more stately sleigh sharply turned the corner of the road. The driver was Maximilian, the son of Mr. Waverling. But lo! the white, waving flag frightened the steeds; they reeled, yet almost instantly afterwards bounded with loose reins into the thicket; for the driver had been hurled from his seat upon the ice-covered river which broke beneath his weight. A fiendish laugh sounded from the adjoining shrubbery; Fredrick was reveling in the thought of successful revenge. A momentary flame of revenge burnt likewise in Henry's heart, yet it was soon extinguished by the thought of Bethlehem. Throwing off his surtout he plunged into the cold water. A moment later he appeared with Maximilian under one arm, battling briskly against the breaking ice. Having reached the bank Henry almost dropped the rescued youth to the ground, darted instantly into the thicket and returned shortly afterwards holding Fredrick by his collar and almost dragging him along. "Sir," he then said with gloomy sternness, "I know that you have contrived this snare. Take Maximilian's horses and sleigh; convey the unfortunate youth back to his father. Mark! If you fail, you seal your own death?" The impervious woods had stopped the running horses almost immediately. These were lead back. Henry gave the reins to the reluctant Fredrick, and aided the unconscious Maximilian into the back seat. Then he tied Fredrick's horse

to one of the steeds, and on sped the sleigh with its occupants,

Darkness was already brooding in the forest; our youthful traveler therefor hastened his steps and soon he arrived at the bridge. Here, however, his course was arrested; for to Henry's greatest dismay, the bridge was drawn aside. His voice rang tremblingly across the stream and was answered from the opposite shore by an inquiry after his wish. Yet that was scarcely stated, when the person replied in a decisive tone: "Mr. Waverling the owner of these estates has even now sent his servant Fredrick ordering the bridge to be turned from the land," hence, you cannot cross till the morning. "Ah!" sighed Henry, "the revenge of a proud miser!" What was now to be done? The nearest dwelling was far distant. After some fruitless searching he discovered a comparatively warm place beneath the sheltering branches of a pine. "Oh! how much it resembles the stable of Bethlehem!" he murmured. Having wrapped himself in his surtout he reclined against a tree and soon afterwards slumbered peacefully.

The morning was not yet dawning when Henry awoke with almost frozen limbs. This pitiable plight at once recalled the events of the foregoing day. He rose with anger painted on his countenance and paraded briskly up and down the bank of the river. When he had become fairly warm, the clattering of horses' hoofs echoed in the forest. A rider appeared in the plain whom Henry recognized as Mr. Waverling. At that sight his heart throbbed with rage. Seizing a club, he concealed himself near the bridge, and waited impatiently. As the rider approached he drew a silver horn from his side, placed it on his mouth and blew a mellow tone. The forest responded with the echo. At that instant the steed

reeled, the rider fell, and Henry, his eyes flashing swung the club in order to deal a decisive blow. The blow was not yet executed when the solemn toll of St. Martin's again rang over the fields and forest. That sound seemed to paralyze Henry's arm, it sank, and after a short pause he flung away his club. "Ha! thou treacherous weapon," exclaimed the youth. "Mr. Waverling, I pardon you. May you likewise find a kind Judge above! May it be the pardoning Babe of Bethlehem." "Ah! generous youth," sighed Waverling rising, "you have saved Maximilian, now you have also spared my life. Indeed, I have deserved otherwise at your hand. Yet, Henry, it is well that you acted thus. Had you failed in this last heroic deed, you would forever have lost the fruits of the former.—I cannot repay these benefits, nor repay your wrongs fully, yet, as some recompense receive the little cottage. It is your property." "Sir," said Henry, "this perfectly requites our sufferings. But remove your servants, Fredrick and Werner, or similar misfortunes await you in the future. Their schemes have hurled your son to the very brink of the grave." They continued for some time longer. At the blast of Mr. Waverling's horn the bridge had been thrown across the river. Soon both departed, each to his respective home.

When Henry arrived before the grand Cathedral of St. Martin's he heard the priest at the altar chanting the "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The bells in the tower responded in an exulting tone. Ah, how much Henry owed to that solemn toll! With tears of joy he entered, and beholding his parents in a pew, slipped in beside them. A few words were whispered into their ears, and a smile of purest happiness played on the face of both. The Mass was one of thanksgiving, and the entire day one of extreme delight in the humble cottage.



NEW YEAR!

Old year lies on his bed of death
Crowned with a withered and fameless wreath.
One moment more—the last sigh is gone,
The winds sing their dirge in a solemn moan.

Hear the merry-sounding bell
Sing the parting year farewell.
Klingling! Welcome, happy New Year!
Eyes are moist with a joyous tear!

Bring of all good things our fill!—
On his forehead read: “God’s Will!”
Bring us good and happy days—
God of New Year, Thee we praise!

X. J.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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With the joys and merry-makings of Christmas still lingering in our hearts, we wish you all, "A Most Happy New Year." Now is the time to plant the seed of good resolutions. Hell, they say, is paved with good resolutions; so, however, is Heaven. In the former instance the sowing was of cockle; in the latter, 'twas of healthy, luscious grain, and the fruit thereof was hundred-fold.

In harmony with the spirit of these joyous days, we have filled our pages with matter of a light vein. It will also be noticed that our probable successors have furnished the necessary copy, thus making their debut in college journalism. What they may lack in diction, imagination, or originality, is due rather to inexperience than to a want of effort or capability. We hope that the friends, and especially the parents, of the coming scribes, will experience a feeling of pride and pleasure in their work and success along those lines.

St. Joseph's College,
Christmas Eve, '01.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Strange as it may seem to you, we have still our childhood faith in your great goodness, kindness, and omnipotence. Our requests, however, change with our wants and keep pace with our increasing years. List to our prayer.

Bring happiness to all mankind. To our little brothers bring toy engines, horns, rubber-boots and candy; to our little sisters, (and *big* ones too, for that matter) bring dolls, cradles, silks and satins, to our fathers, mothers, relatives and friends, bring true joy, faith, hope, and love, and to ourselves bring sweet contentment, and a spirit of charity, and, dear old Santa, that interior peace and calmness, which was the burden of the joyful song of the holy Angels, who, one night many years ago, fluttered in the light of Bethlehem's star over the humble, but blessed abode of Heaven's King.

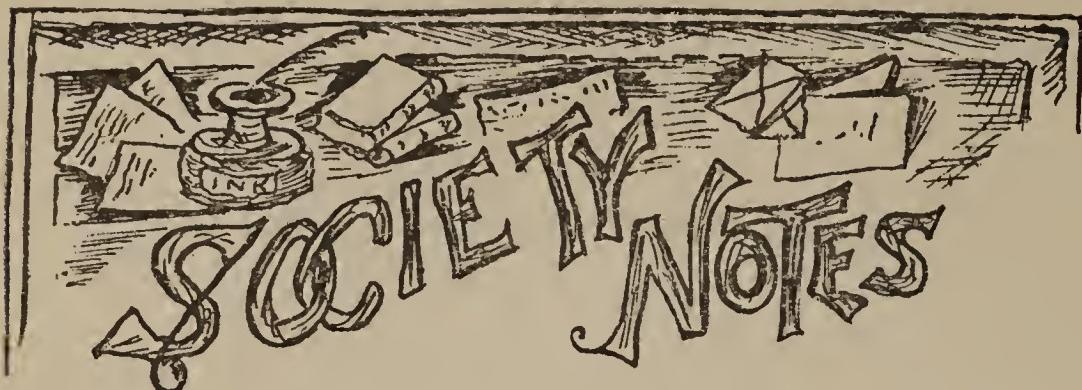
One day the editor casually stepped into a reading room, and picking up a Catholic paper, read:—

"A young lady of wealth and Catholic parentage in the East has just been married to a wealthier and non-Catholic young man by a Protestant

minister. Another in the South renounced her faith to wed a preacher."

The editor left the room with a clouded brow, thinking and muttering many beautiful (?) things about "flip-flops," "turn-coats," liberal Catholics, and—fools.

In our sane moments, we all admit that the family is the safeguard of the state, though, judging from our divorce courts, we are not very consistent. Equally true it is that the family is the greatest treasure of our Holy Church, one that she guards firmly and zealously when She says: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Yet we persist in mixed marriages, with divorce, or apostasy of oneself or children as an almost inevitable consequence. Oil and water may *mix*, but there will be no perfect *union*. In spite, however, of common sense, of all belief, exhortations, yea, commands, we find Catholics, so-called *liberal* Catholics, who countenance, and when the opportunity comes, participate in a mixed marriage. Excuses in nearly all such cases are silly and shallow. Blinded by sensual feeling they lose sight of all spiritual happiness and oftentimes of all true temporal happiness. If such idiots will not follow their religious principles, let them observe facts in common every day life about them. For instance, according to the report of the Census Bureau we quote as follows: "In families where the father and mother belong to the same church 78 per cent of the young men are church members. . . . Where the father and the mother are Protestants 68 per cent of the young men are church members. . . . Where the Father and mother are Catholics 92 per cent of the young men are church members. . . . Where one of the parents is a Catholic and the other a Protestant 34 per cent of the young men are church members." Now compare and think.



Marian Sodality. No doubt our Blessed Mother is well pleased with the spectacle which the College chapel presented on Dec. 8th. Our Marian Sodality can now count one hundred and fifteen students on its list of members. The solemn admission of thirty-one new members took place on the great feast of the Immaculate Conception. Immediately after solemn High Mass the Rev. Spiritual Director of the sodality, Father Hugo, delivered a most beautiful and eloquent discourse on the Mother of God. He spoke principally on the great advantages of the Sodalists and explained the many indulgences the Church offers to them. The prefect, Mr. Werling, assisted Father Hugo in the ceremony of awarding the diplomas. The Society then recited the act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin, after which the usual prayer and blessing followed. Before adjournment all chimed in to sing that beautiful psalm to our Lady, the Magnificat.

C. L. S. Another jewel has been added to our success in the program rendered Sunday evening, Dec. 8th. Seldom have the Columbians beheld a happier audience than greeted them that evening. The memory of the program will not fade away so quick, but will ever recall to the students of St. Joseph's visions of a few pleasant hours spent in the auditorium. The following members were the entertainers: Declamatory Essay, "Memory", Mr. A. Schuette; A vocal solo,

"The Lost Chord", Rev. Father Justin; Lecture, "A Blasted Snore", Mr. F. Didier; Debate: "Resolved that bad companions are worse than bad reading matter." Aff., Mr. J. Steinbrunner, Neg., Mr. A. Koenig; Music, Piano four-hand, Messrs. A. Knapke and O. Knapke; Select Reading, "A Fashionable School-Girl", Mr. I. Wagner; Oration, "Ireland", Mr. P. Welsh; Music by the College Band, "Tally-ho". A Farce entitled "A Darky Wood-dealer", by Messrs. E. Lonsway, C. Grube, and T. Hammes. The farce was one of the best ever given on our stage, and the participants thereof have made a hit in the society circle.

The Columbians will entertain the boys with a comical program on the evening of their departure for the Christmas Holidays.

A. L. S. The Aloysians appreciate the kindness of the Faculty in granting them their new reading-room. This is apparent from the fact that every recreation hour finds quite a number of the members seated in their "cozy-corner" poring over books. They also continue in their regular course of private programs. The following one was rendered Sunday, Dec. 16th. Music, Piano, Mr. J. Lang; Dialogue, Messrs. A. Sullivan and L. Flory; Poem, Mr. N. Keilman; Recitation, Mr. W. Hanley; Select Reading, Mr. P. Carlos; Piano Solo, Mr. C. Randall; The Aloysian, M. L. Monahan.

It is hoped that the Aloysians will again appear in public shortly after Xmas vacation.

R. S. C. The lovers of the "Indian weed" live a sort of retired life over on the first floor of the Caecilia Hall. They are the most peaceful set of lads in Collegeville, no doubt, because they always smoke their "pipe of peace." Dec. 12th, the following officers were elected: Pres. Mr. E. Freiburger; Vice Pres., Mr. J. E. Sullivan; Sec., Mr. F. Boeke; Santa Claus is always welcome to the club room.

EXCHANGES.

The strong personality of the *Georgetown Journal* naturally excites deep interest and the fringed cover with the rough edges reminds one of the Sphinx's visage. We like it much for candidly daring to be of its own opinion in questions of worth for which it always has an individual and martial thought. "Kipling" receives just retribution, but he ought not always silken-sandal women's faults either. Exception is fairly taken to his uncouthness, and it is rightly questioned whether his outrages on the muse will annoy posterity. "The poet of the Misunderstandable" is a splendid story and makes us wish for more. "The Better Course" is a little too lovely for the gray-haired temperament of college journals. The turkey story is neat and pleasing and the poetry very acceptable.

The *Agnetian Monthly* is rather antiquarian, though always thrilling and delightful. It met us blooming and wild as ever dusting off old memories on the Myths that sent our minds reeling into foggy paganism. The Myths were not very favorable to the author of "Lir" from whence the writer evokes such pathetic inspirations. The essay as a whole is good, shows a delicate taste and critical powers.

The Mountaineer gives us the satisfaction that our time was well employed in reading it. Besides being elegant and agreeable, it gives to all useful and instructive reading-matter. The article on Macaulay's essays shows a good understanding of the great man's mental parts; yet unwittingly, we think the writer takes a chance to scourge him a little for faults not quite his own.

The story "Lewis" is attractive, tumultuous, drastic, and a little slant.

The Young Eagle possesses a striking and original mode of expression. It is always heart and soul in the business at hand; evinces correct judgment, much thought, and consideration. The work shows care, and the diction is easy and fluent.

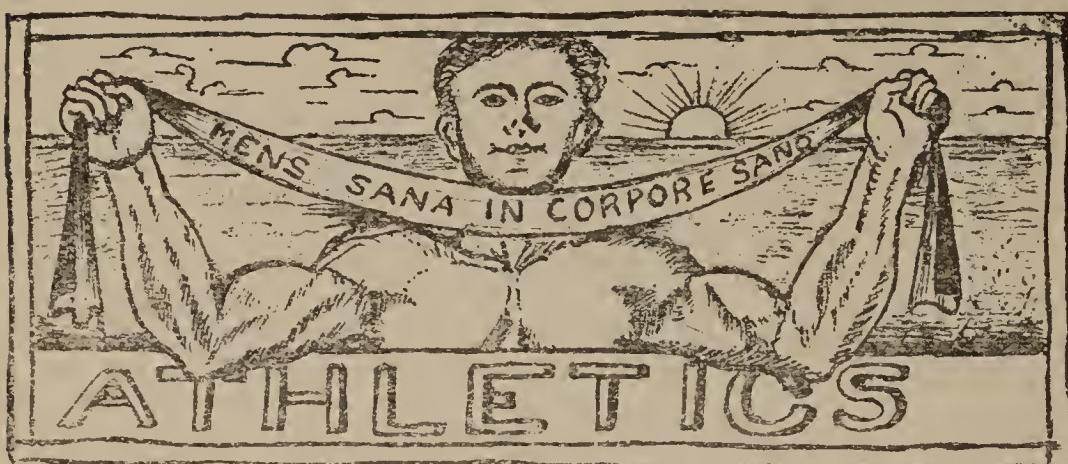
There is nothing like a humorist in the *Bulletin*, and it does not waste time on sport either, but when it takes hold of our notice there is no getting rid of its magic. What makes it so is its sincerity and the fact that it is much in earnest.

The essayists of the *Viatorian* are wide awake, enterprising, and capable scholars. "Oratory" and "The Moral in Macbeth" are full of fine discrimination and study. But there are some patent faults likewise, which we think are rather due to the narrow limits of the compositions.

We take occasion to extend a friendly acknowledgment to several journals of great merit who are always regular and timely visitors: *The Scholastic*, *St. Mary's Record*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Abbey Student*, *The Aloysian*, *The Echo*, *Sacred Heart Collegian*, *The Owl*, *The Arena*, *Niagra Index*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, and a host of others. We cordially extend a Christmas greeting and a happy New Year's wish to all the staff members of our Exchanges.

M. KOESTER, '02.





The past football season has, indeed, been a most exciting one throughout the country. S. J. C. did not do any great feats on the gridiron this season, and in consequence the students turned their attention to the doings of the Rensselaer football team. Rensselaer has just closed the most successful football season in her history. The Rensselaer team has met and defeated some of the best teams in the West, and has not had its goal line crossed this year. The greatest and most important game played by Rensselaer was contested with Pat O'Dea's South Bend team. The game between these two teams took place at Rensselaer on Monday, Dec. 2nd. South Bend came prepared to give Rensselaer a severe drubbing, and for this purpose brought along Capt. Fortin, Lins, and Winter, of the strong Notre Dame team. But South Bend had greatly underestimated the strength of Rensselaer. The score was 0 to 0, with neither team having any great advantage. The main drawing card of the game was the opportunity of seeing Pat O'Dea, the world's greatest punter.

O'Dea was all, and even more than the most enthusiastic person had pictured him to be. He was the star of the South Bend aggregation. On offensive he was the only man who could advance the ball for South Bend. Time and again he went



MANZ
CHICAGO

through the Rensselaer line for good gains, and often made long end runs. On defensive he was equally strong and in every scrimmage O'Dea was in the thickest of the heap. O'Dea has many admirers in Rensselaer, and the citizens of that town hope that he will soon visit them again. The boys at the college would have been glad to have Mr. O'Dea pay St. Joseph's a visit, but owing to lack of time, it was impossible for him to do so. The result of the game was highly gratifying to Rensselaer, and Dec. 2th, 1901, will linger long in the memories of the football enthusiasts of that city.

SEBASTIAN.

On the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the C. L. S. again appeared before the foot-lights, presenting the religious drama, Sebastian. The play is familiar to most of our readers, being founded on Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated work, "Fabiola". This drama has always been popular at St. Joseph's, for it was given with great success a few years ago by the charter members of the Columbian Literary Society. The rendition of the play was in every respect all, and even more than the most sanguine expected it to be. The plays given by the C. L. S. the past few years have all been well rendered, but it is the consensus of opinion at St. Joseph's that no play given here in recent years was so well rendered as was Sebastian. The principal roles were in most competent hands, the gentlemen impersonating the major parts were, indeed, well worthy of the confidence placed in them. A special feature of the play was the unusual ability which the minor stars showed. Many who had only a few words to say and ap-

peared only in one or the other act made a hit with the audience. The successful rendition of a drama does not depend on the good acting of those who play the important roles, but on the energetic and enthusiastic efforts of all who are in any way connected with the play. The following are the gentlemen who have by their brilliant work added another crown to the wreath of the many dramatic accomplishments of the C. L. S.:—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Prologue.....	E. Wills.
Sebastian, an officer of the Emperor's guard.....	W. Arnold.
Pancratius, a Christian youth.....	W. Flaherty.
Quadratus, a centurian in Sebastian's troop.....	P. Welsh.
Tranquillinus, father to Marcus and Marcellianus	E. Werling.
Marcus, { in prison for the faith.....	{ V. Sibold.
Marcellianus, {	{ J. Dabbelt.
Diogenes, fosser, or sexton, in the Catacombs	C. Van Flandern.
Dionysius, a priest and physician.....	F. Wachendorfer.
Maximian, Emperor of Rome.....	M. Koester.
Fabius, a Roman Nobleman.....	J. Wessel.
Fulvius, a Syrian residing at Rome.....	F. Didier.
Corvinus, son of the Prefect of the City:	G. Arnold.
Tertullus, Prefect of the city.....	A. McGill.
Proculus, a friend of Fabius.....	R. Halpin.
Calpurnius, a pedantic philosopher.....	M. Ehleringer.
Arminius, a Dacian soldier.....	B. Holler.
Nicostratus, a magistrate, afterwards converted	R. Goebel.
Claudius, jailer.....	E. Lonsway.
Christians, Citizens, Suitors to the Emperor's guard, etc.	

The title-role was in most competent hands. Mr. W Arnold as Sebastian impersonated this character with surprising grace and ease. His imposing appearance, clear enunciation, calm and dignified bearing, combined to win for him the admiration and applause which he deserved.

Mr. Flaherty acted the part of Pancratius, the noble Christian youth, with great success. His action and general appearance was just suited for the youthful character of Pancratius. The part could not have been entrusted to a more capable person.

Maximian, Emperor of Rome, found an able impersonator in Mr. Koester. He had all the fire, hatred, and despicableness for which that avowed

persecutor of the Christians was noted. The play Sebastian on the whole required very little real dramatic effort. It has more of a conversational tenor. Maximian was the most difficult part of the entire drama, and the only one that called for genuine dramatic effort, but Mr. Koester was fully able to impersonate Maximian. In act IV, scene IV, when Sebastian, Quadratus, and other prominent officers in Maximian's army became Christians, Maximian displays all those qualities which fear, sorrow, surprise, and revenge can inspire. This instance called for great dramatic ability, and here Mr. Koester was at his best. There is no doubt that Mr. Koester never played a part in any play so well as he did the character of Maximian in Sebastian. This was his greatest success on our stage.

To Mr. Ehleringer was assigned the task of impersonating the pedantic philosopher, Calpurnius. His air of importance, self-possession, and ostentatious learning was truly portrayed by Mr. Ehleringer. He played his part well, nigh to perfection. Mr. Ehleringer's inimitable manner of bringing out the various traits of character and idiosyncrasies of Calpurnius made him the favorite of the evening with the audience. If more credit must be given to one actor than to another, then surely Mr. Ehleringer should be given the laurels of the evening. This is only to be expected, for Mr. Ehleringer has on all occasions evinced extraordinary dramatic ability. He is undoubtedly the peer of any actor at St. Joseph's.

Among the minor characters F. Didier and G. Arnold deserve special mention for the dramatic ability shown in the interpretation of their respective roles.

The following participants, although they played minor parts, deserve praise for good act-

ing and interest exhibited in the play: Messrs. VanFlandern, Werling, Welsh, and Wessel.

Taking everything into consideration the rendition of Sebastian was a success in all that goes to make up that term, and it is certainly very gratifying to all Columbians that we have been so successful in presenting Sebastian, but I think that the Rev. Moderator, Father Mark, has the greatest cause for rejoicing, because his untiring energy and great efforts in our behalf have made the rendition of Sebastian possible, and Father Mark is to be congratulated on the great success of the first play given under his direction.

The music on this occasion was of a high order. Prof. B. Dentinger had arranged a very appropriate program for the occasion, and the hearty applause which greeted each number amply testifies how much it was appreciated by the audience. There were many unavoidable intermissions during the play, but Prof. Dentinger kept the audience attentive by his masterly execution on the piano of difficult compositions from well known composers. Prof. Dentinger has all along shown rare taste and enterprise in the selection of music for our entertainments. The inmates of St. Joseph's are delighted in having a music professor who is as courteous as he is efficient.

To all the participants and to all who have in any way assisted to make the play the success that it was, the Columbians take this opportunity to express their sincere thanks, with the assurance that their kindness will ever be appreciated.

E. A. WILLS, '03.



NEW PUBLICATION.

Another gem of fiction lies before us in the latest work of Father Finn's, entitled, "But Thy Love and Thy Grace." Father Finn—truly a magic name for every American Catholic boy. As the name Hunyadi used to be popularly used to frighten children, so the name of Father Finn is now employed among our Catholic boys as an incentive to noble and generous deeds. He is the ideal of Catholic boyhood, and if he would write a book as dry as an unsoaked sponge, our boys would slip off to a corner and devour it greedily.

This last work of Father Finn's is not of course to be compared with his college-boy stories. It is rather a delineation of inward sufferings, conquests and rewards, than of feats of strength, courage, or heroism. Regina, the heroine, is a common shop girl, plainly clad, and suffering inward afflictions and outward miseries, yet withal a sweet-tempered, pious, and self-sacrificing soul. It is a story for the Catholic girl, yet containing lessons of kindness, sincerity, unselfishness, valuable to all of us. Then, the detailed description of the Bazaar struck us as very true and most vivid. The dialogue in the confessional was a happy and ingenious stroke of the author. It imparts zest to the story, besides showing the humorous side of an otherwise very serious act. The spiritual advise given by Father McNichols to Regina is for all of us, and we close chapter II with the same sentiments and spiritual peace that we feel when we actually hear the words, "God bless thee, my child! go in peace." Altogether, it is a beautiful and elevating little book. But, to be frank, we do not like the illustrations. They are in keeping, neither with the contents nor the binding. Price \$1.00.

LOCALS.

With deep and heartfelt regret did the students learn that Mr. Ferdinand Mader, one of our genial fellow-students, was summoned to his home in Ohio to assist at the burial of his beloved uncle who has answered to the call of the death-knell.

The Rev. Faculty and students of St. Joseph's, through the *Collegian* wish to express their deepest sympathy with him in his bereavement.

Since the football season is over the younger element has discovered an equally effective means of working off "surplus steam." Every evening the boxing gloves are brought into skillful use in the gymnasium. It is a wholesome practice, especially for the eye doctor.

Paul Carlos to the local editor:—"Say, don't put anything in about 'Socks' and me, will you?"

Thomas Alles takes much pride in telling that he is from the East. Some seem to think he looks and acts like it.

The loyal "supporter."—Wessel.

All aboard! all who can't get a board take a plank:—but don't miss the 'Monon'.

Howard Muhler. "There is no tooth-ache in the savage state."

Wessel. "Show me any one with tooth-ache who is not in the savage state."

Collegeville can boast of quite an extensive menagerie. We now have, 'Sus', 'Jumbo', 'Chick', and 'Rooster' penned up. The latest addition is the terrible 'Bosco', a specimen of the monkey captured in a distant island.

"Tub" tapping "Chick" gently on the cheek, said; "Quid est hoc." Chick, "Hoc est quid."

Maximian in Sebastian:—"Ho lictors! bind your shoe-strings!" The next scene will be a dog-fight.

It is with feelings of deep sorrow and heartfelt regret that we record the death of the father of an esteemed friend; Mr. J. Mutch, a former fellow-student of the class '02. Mr. Nicholas Mutch departed this life in the beginning of December, surrounded by his sorrowing family and a great circle of sympathising friends whom he left in bereavement. The Collegian desires to express its sincere condolence with the family of the deceased, and especially sympathises with our beloved and former fellow-student.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus be sure to come,
Thou most delightful guest;
Within our walls and well prepared
To grant each one's request.

Bring 'long a little doll for Shine,
And plenty pie for Tub;
John Wessel wants a rubber ball,
But Chick prefers a plug.

McGill is not in need of much,
But wants a house and farm;
George Arnold wants a story-book,
He says they do no harm.

And Ready says he's satisfied
With little Shorty dear;
The Barber wants a stick of gum,
And Muhler wants some beer.

For Mishy bring a jumping-jack,
For Pat a P'lice Gazette;
Joe Braun would like a corn-cob pipe.
And Dink a cigarette.

Paul Welsh no foolish thing will take,
Bring him a wooden leg;
And Fatty Ma would like to have
Of Saur Kraut—just a keg.

The prefect wants another bell,
And just one more request,—
He says when all the boys are gone,
He'd like to have a rest.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, F. Theobald, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Baeh, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, B. Wellman, L. Flory, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Smith, E. Ereibusger, J. Bryan, J. Naughton, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghouse, C. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, W. Hanley, N. Keilman, H. Cooney, J. Lang, G. Jackson, F. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Schumacher, A. Bernard, J. Ramp, E. Barnard, H. Muhler, C. VanFlandern, T. Hammes, W. Fisher, L. Monahan, J. A. Sullivan, T. Quinlan, E. Grimme, J. O'Donnell, J. Lemper, J. Hildebrand, H. Heim, F. Schmitz, J. Burke, A. Birkmeier, J. McCaffrey, F. Maley, E. Ley, C. Holthouse, P. Thom, R. Ottke.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Wessel, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, G. Arnold, J. Jones, T. Alles, P. Carlos, R. Bremerkamp, A. Wuchner, J. Hunt, V. Sibold, C. Randall, W. Connell.

CLASS WORK.

AVERAGE OF LAST THREE MONTHS.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, E. Wills, A. Schuette, R. Goebel, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, W. Seheidler, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, R. Schwieterman, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, M. O'Connor, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fisher, J. Freibusger, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baczkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linnehan, A. Delaney, J. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, A. Barnard, J. Lemper, W. Hanley, H. Cooney.

84-90 PER CENT.

R. Stoltz, C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, F. Theobald, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, B. Alt, F. Didier, G. Arnold, J. Dabbelt, B. Quell, M. Shea, L. Flory, E. Pryor, J. Becker, J. McCarthy, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, J. Quinn, O. Hentges, E. Hauk, C. Kloeters, M. Schumacher, C. Holthouse, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, J. Burke, C. Randall.